GERMANY'S VENERABLE RULER. Some of the Stirring Events in the Emperor William's Jong Career.

LONDON, March 18 .- When in a few days the aged Emperor of Germany reaches his ninetieth birthday, he will have the right to look back upon the years of a long and glorious life, spent almost entirely in the service of the country heloved, with honest and manly pride. He has made it great, united, prependerant among nations: and, if not always an eagle, if indebted in a great measure to his advisers, statesmen, and Generals, he has, at least, unthere is not in his whole empire a man, how-ever lowly or exalted, who has been so loyal, so faithful, so conscientious a patriot, none whose record bears such constant, unfuterrupted

proof of life-long devotion to one cause.
On Jan. 1, 1807, after the battle of Jena, when little remained of the kingdom of Prussia, the King, hiding his disgrace in the uncomfortable and desolate looking castle of Königsberg. gave his third son. William, his first uniform of endet as the only present he could afford. The nomination was only gazetted on the following 22d of March, at a time when the Prince was lying so dangerously ill of typhoid fever at Memol that his life was for some days despaired of. At Christmas he became a sub-Lieutenant, was initiated to his military duties with the corps of grenadiers quartered at Königsborg, and when, in 1809, the royal family of Prussia returned to Berlin, the young Prince marched in at the head of his company. In

marched in at the head of his company. In the park at Babelsberg, near Potsdam, the favorite residence of the Emperor, can still be seen a tronch he dug in those days under the orders and directions of Major von Pirch.

In 1813, his health again causing some unensiness, he was prevented from accompanying the king and his elder brother when they started to join the army. He was, however, made a Lieutenaut in June and a Captain in November, after the battle of Leipzig, and in January, 1814, crossed the linine at the side of Bilcher. At the battle of Bar sur Aubo Prince William was intrusted with the mission of reconnoliting the ground, and acquitted himself so satisfactorily that shortly after he received the Iron Cross, entered Paris for the first time, and became a Captain of the Guards. About the same period the Emperor of Russia conferred on him the insignia of a Knight of St. George. About the same period the Emperor of Russia conferred on him the insignia of a Knight of St. George.

Promoted to the rank of Major in 1815, he took an active part in the Beiglan campaign, entered Paris with the Allies for the second time, and on his return to his capital was a conspicuous figure in the festivities of victory, as they were called in Berlin. During the following years he became successively a Colonel, a General, Communder of the First Division of the Guard, then of the Third Army Corps, Lieutenant-Ceneral, and in 1833 General Communder of the Guard, then of the History of Prussia and heli presumptive, as Frederick William IV never had any children. In 1849, at the head of the troops sent against the Bavrian insurgents, he compelled the capitulation of Rastadt and received the Order of Norit. The reigning sovereign, a man of wit, culture, intelligence, inclined to religious mystelism and visionary romance, cared little for his army, and allowed the Prince of Prussia to direct all the projects of military reorganization, a task for which he was eminently litted, and which he filled with all the arder of congenial tastes. In 1854 he was appended Field Marsha.

In 1857, thirty years ago, the Prussian nation celebrated the jubilee of the first entrance of the hoir to the throne into the army, and extraordinary rejokeings took place. He received a present of a silver shield and helmet in recognition of services rendered on the field," and yet he had not entered so far upon the historical and most important part of his career, for it was only three months later, in May, that, the increasing mental malady of the King incapacitating him from royal duties, a regency was declared, conferring provisional power to the Pruse of Prussia for a specified term of three months.

As soon as William held the authority in his own hands a new life and energy was in-

capacitating him from royal duties, a regency was declared, conferring provisional power to the Prince of Prussia for a specified term of three months.

As soon as William hold the authority in his own hands a new life and energy was infused into every department of the millitary service; he surrounded himself with able and experienced Generals, put Manteufel at the head of the War Office, and summoned to Berlin Von Roon and Von Moitke; the latter, sole survivor of the military triad, was appointed Chief of the General Staff, of which he fills the functions to this day. Meanwhile, the state of the King becoming hopeless, the Regency was prolonged, and lasted till his death. The Prince of Prussia ascended the throne under the name of William I., and his first act was, with the assistance and support of Count von Bismrek—recalled from his petty diplomatic duties at a small German Court—to begin his long struggie with the Parliament so as to assure the millitary grandour of Prussia. The King and his Minister were resolved to dispense, if need be, with Parliament so as to assure the remined to fortily Prussia, so that she say take the nince to which whe is entitled by her the schleswig-Holstein campaign, but he joined the troops ingovine her that back the wictorious hosts to Berlin.

The King did not personally take a part in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, but he joined the troops ingovine and the children with the intention of killing have one provided she possesses a powerful military organization.

The King did not personally take a part in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, but he joined the troops ingovine her that he wish as a structure of Duppel, passed the troops ingovine her that he wish as a structure of Duppel, passed the troops ingovine her that he wish as a structure of the military organization.

The King did not personally take a part in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, but he joined the army after the capture of Duppel, passed the troops in the capture of Duppel, passed the troops would not hold thi

point of retreating: he heard Gen. von Moltke tell him that the troops would not hold thirty minutes longer, but before the half hour was over, his son, the Prince Royal, appeared with his contingent on the heights of Chulm, and the destinies of Europe were reversed. The Austrians were defeated and France beaten. On Sept. 30 the King returned triumphantly to Berlin, and on the sixtieth anniversary of his soldier life, he became Chief of the Confederation of Northern Germany, having annexed to Prussia the Kingdom of Hanover, the Grand Duchy of Nassau, the Electorates of Hesse, Frankfort, and Schleswig-Holstein.

A period of peace and prosperity followed, but neither the sovereign nor his statesmen nor Generals remained idle. The popularity of William L, already so great, increased year after year till he became literally the idol of the people. Then came the events of 1870, Facts of such recent date, and so gravely historical, are fresh in overy memory. On the 16th of June, 1871, the culminating episode took place in the triumphal entry of the first German Emperor into his jubilant city of Berlin, amid such applause and acclamations as have perhaps never before greeted an adored and victorious ruler.

From that date William I, has made, even more than before, the army the object of his constant solicitude. There is not a detail too minute or insignificant to escape his watchfulness: every portion of armament or equipment receives his attention, and he devotes equal thought to the mobilization of an army, to the autumn manœuvres, to the organization of barracks, or the kit of a privato, He understands he was, he led it still, inspecting companies, the drill of recruits, tasting the food, and controlling with his own eye the plan of a campaign and the salute of a sentinel. The Emperor has been called the Sergeant King. If spoken in derision, this appellation has not prevented his making his country great, nor made it impossible for him to write above the troaty of peace of 1871:

To the army and the fatherland, wi

To the army and the fatherland, with all my heart, withanks?

When the temb closes over the nonagenarian and he goes to seek his well-carned, laurel-crowned repose, he will die with the proud consciousness that he has had ever before his eyes, and soted in accordance with, the assertion of his illustrious ancestor. Frederick the Great:

"The world does not rest more securely on the shoulders of Atlas than Prussia on her army."

Still, the future of nations rests on as slender a thread as the destinles of men, and there may be even now in some obscure country garrison an unknown submittern of genius who may sap the achievements of eighty years and seek his balon de Marechai in some new Austerlitz or Jona.

EMIGRATION DID IT GOOD.

EMIGRATION DID IT GOOD.

A Coffee Plant that Drooped in Sections but Thrived Lustliy in Africa. For several years two little stunted coffee plants led a wretched existence in the Botan-ical Gardens at Edinburgh. They would not thrive in spite of all the gardener could do. One day a happy thought struck the curator. He heard that the African Lakes Company, that had put three steambonts on Lake Nyassa and the river Shire, was about to start some coffee plantations in Africa. The curator asked the company to give his poor little plants a ce to live in the highlands of the Shire.

chance to live in the highlands of the Shire. So they were taken away to the dark continent and transplanted in the deep, rich soil of Mount Zomba.

Too much happiness, or something or other, killed one of the little plants. The other took on a new lease of life. It struck its roots deep into the red earth, its leaves drank in the congenial air of the African highlands, and at last it burst into berries. The fruit was fine, and it was all carefully saved for seed.

Awhile ago photographs were exhibited in Edinburch of plantations filled with heavily laden collect trees. They are the gardens of the Burhanan Brothers on Mount Zomba, and samples of their colice have here priced at a high figure on the London markets. Every collect tree on those plantations is directly traceable to the puny little plant that could hardly keep alive in Edinburgh. It is said that over 100,000 trees claim direct descent from this little shrub. All it needed was a chance to flourish, and when the chance came it proved itself as useful a little coffee tree as could be wished for.

THE SCRANTON RESCRION PRANTS.

A Duplicate Ballot Box Stufed Before Slection and Passed Of as the Legal Box. SCHANTON, Pa., March 26 .- The recent election frauds in the Twelfth ward of this city were so bunglingly planned and carried out that the perpetrators were discovered and ar-rested before the vote was counted. The Elec-tion Board faisified the returns, deposited ballots in the names of dead men and voters who had not lived in the ward for years, and in other ways reversed the will of the people, For years that ward has been notorious for election frauds, and the arrest of the tainted Board has brought to light the manner in which ex-Sheriff A. B. Stevens claims to have been cheated out of the Mayoralty and the way in which he discovered exactly how the fraud was perpetrated. The facts have never before been made public through the press.

Stevens was strong in the belief that he had

received a majority of the votes in the whole city, and the returns from the Twelfth ward led him to suppose that his defeat had been concocted and consummated in that ward alone. He was unable to get the proof of his

led him to suppose that his defeat had been concocted and consummated in that ward alone. He was unable to get the proof of his suppositions, and his opponent was declared to have received a majority in the city. Stevens aubmitted to the decision, but a few months later, to satisfy himself precisely as to how he had been cheated, and without divulging his accret to a single person, he hired a Pinkerton detective to unearth the supposed frauds in his own way. The detective disguised himself as a common laborer, went to live in a fourth-class boarding house in the Twelfth ward, and got work at odd jobs near by. For weeks he labored in this way, became acquainted with some of the local politicians, made himself popular among them, and gradually learned how polities were manipulated down there. He regularly reported progress to Mr. Stevens in the night time, but for several weeks he was unable to get any clue to the supposed frauds. The detective diligently kept to work, however, and at the end of seven months he had wormed the secret out of the election, and this is the story that he told:

On the Stevens out of the very men who cheated Mr. Stevens out of the election, and this is the story that he told:

On the Stevens out of the colotion, and into this box they placed as many ballots as they wanted the district to cast. Some of the ballots were selled so as to make it appear that they had been in the pockets and passed through the fingers of the voters who had come from their work to the polls with dirty hands. Into the box were then placed a tally list that contained as many names as there were ballots in the hox, a list of voters, and the registry list of the district. Everything was in perfect harmony with the number of fraudulent ballots, and then the box was kept, but that was unnecessary, for the ticket Finded in the floor under the table. When the polls were closed in the evening the box with the hole in the bottom was destroyed, together with the lists which the Board had pretended to keep, and the ficke

In the latter part of 18st september. Emma Kerner, the daughter, who had grown to be an attractive young woman of 18, startled a family named Reinhart, who lived near, by appearing at their house one night, only partially clad, and in a great state of excitement. After recovering her composure, she told Mrs. Reinhart that she had fled from home to escape her father, who had entered her bedroom and attempted to assault her. The girl refused to make a complaint against her father, so that he could be prosecuted, but she never returned home. Mrs. Reinhart giving her a home.

On the afternoon of Nov. 27, 1886, Mrs. Kerner made a brief call at a neighbor's. She wonthome at 4 o'clock. A few minutes later Kerner left the house, and soon afterward the house was discovered to be on fire. A crowd quickly gathered, and Kerner appeared in it and was an apparently indifferent and disinterested spectator, although he said his wife was sick abed in the burning building. The flames were subdued before much damage was done to the house, but when firemen entered the house they found the dead and half-burned body of Mrs. Kerner lying on the floor on some charred bedding. The bedding had been on a bed, the frame of which was burned away, letting the clothes fall to the floor. The entire upper part of Mrs. Kerner's body was blackened and charred, but the lower portion had escaped the flames. Kerner's story was that his wife had fallen in a fit. He had carried her up stairs and laid her on the bed and then started for a doctor. The alarm of fire had called him back, but he had no idea how the house could have caught fire. The circumstances were so suspicious that a Coroner's jury found a verdict to the effect that Rerner had set lire to the house for the purpose of destroying the life of his wife. Ho was arrested and lodged in jail. On the strength of a condession made by him subsequently-which is now denied by his counsel-he was held on a charge of murder and arson. The confession was made to Warden Wenrich and Alderman Denhart, an

Myers in Australia. From the Chicago Tribune,

A sporting contributor to THE SUN writes:
"I am told that John Mahoney, the bookmaker of this
city, found the funds with which Myers is making his
matches in the land of the kangaroo."
The Pribute has positive information that John Mahoney did not furnish a dollar for Myers it rip. A genleman who passed through Chicago a few days ago says
that Myers went to Australia well supplied with money,
and has a carte blanche to make any match his sees fit,
and is sutherized to cable to New York for any
amount up to \$20,000 to invest on any match he
likes. A letter has been received in New York
from Myers, who says he likes the climate and
imis a wonderful interest manifested in feed
racing. At Melbourne there is an athletic ground, near
the centre of the city, which was fitted up at an expense
of \$40,000 to 20,000 Referring to his race with Malons
next Saturday, he says: Latili have to be at my best to
each time. When he went to Australia he incontent to

A Man of Power, Fall of Beautiful Sentiments Concerning Mixed Drinks. Billy, the dandy Nassau street bartender, rosy checked and neat as a pin in his snowwhite aprons and scintillating diamond stud, was standing in statuesque repose behind the polished mahogany bar one day last week, when three young bloods, with bell-crowned beavers of matchless sheen and silver-headed canes of ultra fashionable immensity, walked in.
"Three Adonis cocktails, please," exclaimed

the leader of the procession, leaning languidly against the mahogany rall. "Three which?" said Billy, straightening out with a look of searching inquiry at the faces of his new customers.

his new customers.

"Adonis cocktails, I said," replied the first dude, knitting his eyebrows.

"Certainly, sir," briskly retorted Billy as he reached for the silver drink slinger. "I didn't catch the first name. I beg pardos."

He always some with of car into a grapher state. He slung some white of egg into a gobiet from a glass bottle deftly, dumped some sugar on top of that, poured in an installment of lemon juice, then a liberal flood of Old Tom gin, and topped the mixture off with a dose of vermouth and stomach bitters. Then he packed the glass full to the brim with cracked ice, clapped the silver mixer over the top tightly, and shook it

with both hands for a couple of minutes.
"A very fine bracer and appetizer that, gendemen," he said, as he poured the cool mixture into three cocktail glasses with an easy swing of his hand. There was enough of the drink to just fill the glasses and no more. The dudes smacked their lips, planked down fifteen cents each, and waited themselves quietly out.
"What on earth is an Adonis cocktail?"

asked a reporter who had watched the incident. "Blessed if I know," said Billy, with an air of perfect frankness; "but I wouldn't be much of a bartender if I let any customer bluff me off with any new-fangled name. I gave them what I always have known as a turf club cocktail, and it suited. The first principle of good bar-

I always have known as a turf club cocktail, and it suited. The first principle of good bartending is to know how to make everything on earth in the drink line, no matter whether you have ever heard of it before or not."

"By the way, how do bartenders learn their trade, anyhow?" the reporter asked. "Isn't there a school?" retorted Billy, as he polished some frail wineglasses with a towel and a touch of marvellous speed and delicaey. "No school but the great school of experience. A young fellow gots seized with the ambition to mix delightful beverages, just as an artist is inspired by his inborn soul to paint. Genius cails the true bartender to his art, and he jumps in belind the first bar that presents a vacancy, and then keeps his eyes open and studies the mothods of the regular bartender. It takes about one day to prove whether he is a chump or has the material for a successful drink slinger in him. If he is a chump he had barkens more glassware in a day than can be paid for by the sales of a week, unless his impetuosity is curbed in time.

"If he's got the right sort of material in him, he watches the accomplished head barkeeper monkey around with the fluids with artistic case, and tries to do the same thing himself, ilguring out in his mind just how much of this pleasant liquid is mixed with that much of some other exhibitating fluidband combining them in the mixture that finds its pathway straight to that mysterious bourne happly known as the Right Spot. Practice will enable him to do this. If the would-be artist watches carefully the expression of each customer's face, and naively slides in a polite inquiry of, Is that the way you like it. sir?" or. Was that sweet enough? he can easily secure tips that will tell him when he has struck the right recipe for the stimulant. In six months he will have mastered all the nice mysteries of the scionce of the agreeable combination of liquids, and he has risen from the duil level of the commonplace where the apprentice always begins, to the high plane of the comple

to the high plane of the complete Dartenger. Then he can go forth into the world assured that he has the power to make countless thousands happy."

Then that is all there is to it, is it?" the reporter asked, as Billy's voice died away in a soft cadence, and he stowed a fresh clove in his mouth to flavor a very fine punch of hot Jamaica that he had shared with the seribe.

"Yes, that's all:" Billy replied slowly, "excepting that the genius of the art after it is learned will apply himself to inventing new combinations for the comfort of the inner man. For example," he added, as he picked three of the flat-bottomed glasses that resemble truncated crystal cones turned upside down, "here's something entirely new, that is a little thing of my own that I'm a little proud of. I'll mix one for you, another for the boss, and a third for myself."

He packed the three glasses chock full of cracked ice with a sliver lee trowel, and placed them one on top of the other on the bar in a towering pile that glinted picturesquely in the gaslight. The weight of the ice held them steady, while he introduced into a big goblet some sugar, lemon juice, blitters, while of egg. and Old Tom gin in a captivating combination. He shook the goblet up quite a while with the silver mixer, and then with his disengaged hand took the little tower of glass and ice on the bar apar, and tossed the ice into the glasses, which had been cooled by the packed ice, and then projected seltzer water into each glass from a fresh siphon bottle. A snowy foam rose to the rim of each glass as the seltzer was driven into it. Billy balanced the first glass on his hand, and held it out to the reporter.

"Instantly, if you please!" he exclaimed.

"Drink her down while the foam is flying gayly." It was as delicious a beverage as the reporter had ever tasted.

"Bravo. Billy, what do you call your new writhe?": That, sir." said Billy, with unmistakable pride, "is 'the Nassau fizz in an iceberg.' I would natent the iden if I could only get an as-

wrinkle?"
"That, sir," said Billy, with unmistakable pride, "is 'the Nassau fizz in an feeberg.' I would patent the idea if I could only get an assurance that the Patent Office clerks would let me mix one, and not make a dash for it before I could get the chance to specify its new and pleasing architecture, as it were, so to speak."
The reporter offered to pay for the icobergabut Billy spuraed the silver with a soft and lovely smile.

This is a Classical Ballad Sung at Commers of Free and Independent Citizens.

The German-American Independent Citizens' Association had a Commers at Beet-hoven Hall, 210 Fifth street, on Thursday evening. It was in celebration of no particular event, but simply to have a good time. Six long tables ran the length of the room, and on the platform was a small table where Judge Nehrbas, Excise Commissioner Von Glahn, and School Commissioner Tamsen sat, The price of admission was 50 cents, and there was no charge for beer. Each man felt in duty bound to drink up his halfelollar and an extra glass for good measure. Judge Nehrbas was master of ceremonies. There were songs and peeches and choruses, and a great many kegs ost their contents. A peculiar song was aclost their contents. A peculiar song was de-commanied by a taitoo of beer glasses, "Planissimo," shouted the Chairman, and the taps were larrily auditie, "Piano," and they grew more firm, "Porte," and down came the glass with a crash, flinging the beer in various directions, "Fortissimo," and it sounded like a bom-bardment.

All of the songs were sung in chorus. One of them appears to have been designed to send home to the fatherhand to prove that German in all its purity is spoken in the third largest German city in the world. Here's the bailed:

· NEW YORKER DEUTSCH. Im sealskin Sacque and seid non Kleid Sitzt die Frau Schneit im Fuggy i Ihr Johany sitzt dane ben, Sie fahren zur Frau Gockel Lim, Um 'litr 'nen Call zu geben.

"Ach, Mrs. Gockel, das ist schön!
Komm', Johnny, bleib am Window steh'n,
Un unsern Gard zu watsche,
Dieweil wir von der Property
Und von de Tenants klatsche.

"Well, Mrs. Schnell, was markt der Mike "
"Ach, dem sein Hands sind noch am Strike,
Und solang" die nit schaffe
Hot er beim Breakfast schon en Spitz
Und jede Nacht en Afle." Die Mrs. Grekel red't vom Rent. Wie ihr Mann zu sehn Bissiess tend: "Er hat zwee alte Hanser Zu neue Flats fein nigelist." Mein Charley ist a Mier!"

"Die Tenants sind a böser Crown, Nit weeth, daes man so Hanser daut, Und wenn merse Bacht muye, Sordini merseh mistlews, Sem sach' dabei impruye." " Mein Charley," sagt sie daen am End, "Heim se geleckt als Prasident, Am Icischie Meeting heim se's; Jetzt auf er iwerall den Bent, Des covert die Expenses."

"Yes," meint die And're. "'s is kein Juhs, Nit all' de Taxes und de Dues, Do könnt' mer mt viel save. Deht nit der Mike als hier und do Amel a Notche schave.

" Boch nachsie Worh' beim Landlordsball, Bo gelin wir ich ur joden Fall. Ben gelen ich seini Ganze, Bo kann iner ened suykew Mit beine gleiche danze." Und als sie fertig sind, die Zwel, Da if ren partilele sie voord by " fre Une Schillel ref. "tieliste Jetzt Johnny, geb der Mare die Wrip, Mer heim keen Zeit zu wehste."

Und als daheim sie kommen an. Sagt Mrs. schnell zu ihrem Mann: "Doss leesst mer ausgerappelt Jeh und die Gockeln habe mo Heut' richtig Deutsch gebabb

PEARLS FROM BILLY, THE BARTENDER. AN ELEVATOR ON THE ELEVATED.



Ever since the elevated road was built up as far as Harlem, on the west side of town people who own real estate above Central Park have looked at the station at 118th street with sorrow. The trains all stop there as regularly as at any other station along the line, but so far as benefiting property in that vicinity was concerned the road might as well have run up Tenth avenue as Eighth. No such weary flight of stairs is known elsewhere on the whole system of elevated roads as that which lends to this station, located so high in air that the train hands could look down to see the roofs of six-story tenement houses alongside, provided there were any six-story tenement nouses thereabouts. To build a house in that vicinity and ask any down-town business man to occupy it would have been much like offering offices to rent on the top floors of the ten-story office buildings with no elevators to carry tenants up and down. Of course, no one built any houses thereabouts, and the Harlem flats, very picturesque when seen from the lofty station at night, looking, us they do when lighted with long rows of street lamps, like a black velvet carpet checked with rows of yel-low diamonds, remained to make their owners land-poor, while corner lots a mile and more further up town rose in value from \$3.000 or \$4,000 to \$15,000 and \$18,000 within the last

further up town rose in value from \$3,000 or \$4,000 to \$15,000 and \$18,000 within the last five years.

It was not in the nature of New York real estate owners to stand that sort of inantition forever, and so, someoning like a year age, an organization was formed to build an elevator at one of the corners over which the station stands, so that people could be trunsferredfrom sidewalk to platform speedily and comfortably. There was a hitch in the first organization, but a new one was built out of the materials that had formed the first, and it is now completed, with Simon Sterne President, John D. Crimmins Treasurer, and C. S. Orr Secretary, all large holders of real estate in the vicinity. The company thus formed was not expected to declare dividends, the sole hope of return being in the increased value of neighboring property.

A lot, 18x26, on the southeast corner of 116th street, was purchased, and Architect E. H. Kendall of I Broadway was instructed to prepare the plans for a lower to be exclusively devoted to elevators. The sketch shows very clearly the result of his labors. There will be four lifts, one in each corner, with a hall in the middle. The main entrance will be on the avenue, but a door will load from the rear to the street. The lifts are 6x6 feet large on the inside, or will lave 36 square feet of flooring, quite enough to comfortably accommodate twenty men. On a pinch twenty-live could ride. The engine room is in the basement and the coil bins are under the sidewalk. The Otis Brothers, who build the machinery, guarantee that each lift will make a round trip once a minute; thus eighty people could be carried up in that time. The platform on which the passengers land when carried up is thirty-nine feet above the sidewalk, but the tower is five stories high. From the landing platform a neat bridge runs across under the truss of the elevated road. From the end of this bridge a flight of twenty-flive steps, including a landing part way up, reach to the platform of the station. It was impossible to

this will still be the easiest station on the line to climb to.

By the contract with the elevated company, the Central Fark Improvement Company, as the concern is called, erects the building, puts in the machinery, and gets everything ready to operate the elevators. The railroad company pays all working expenses. The elevators will be free for all. By the contract with the railroad, the elevators must be ready for work by the 1st of next January. The total cost of the tower and machinery is \$50.000. It is to be built of brick, stone, and iron, and will be perfectly fireproof. It will cost nearly \$500 a month to run the four elevators.

PREACHING BY SIGNS.

Service and are Spectators of a Sermon.

From the Chicago News.

The Episcopal service is always impressive, and when it has the mantle of perfect silence thrown about it, it is particularly so. There are about fifty deaf mutes in Chicago, who worship once a month in St. James's Church, Cass and Huron streets. The Rev. A. W. Mann, himself a deaf mute, who has been nearly twelve years in the pulpit, is the rector, his field embracing the entire country bounded by the Alleghanies on the east, the Ohio River on the south, and Kansas on the west. Of the 35,000 deaf mutes in the United States, 3,000 age communicants in the various dioceses which the Rev. Dr. Mann ministers to.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" was Dr. Mann's text yesterday. There was prayer—silent prayer—offered by the fingers, while the piano in the room below peeled forth a Sabbath school melody, joined by a hundred voices, but the noise did not disturb the silent worshippers. Then the litany was repeated, the congregation responding in pantomime concert—no choir, no organ, no music to stir the soul to religious thoughts. And then, when the rector had fairly launched out in his sermion, and from appearances was growing eloquent, the wife of Dr. Vibbert came into the room with her large Bible class of young ladies, and the noise that usually attends such exercises was begun, but the discourse went on unceasingly, the fingers of the Rev. Dr. Mann jerking and jumping and elutching and gesticulating with almost lightning rapidity. His most intense interest, their faces sometimes conded as if listening to the description of some horrible thing, and then again an expression of joy would seem to follow some dexterois movement of the silent preacher. When he had delivered himself of some eloquent presumably giving his observers time to compressionably giving his observers time to compression of the low of the right soveral trimes, and this he would fellow

JOE GOSS'S STUBS.

howing What a Clear Head the Veteras had When he Fought Ryan.
From the Pittsburgh Disputch.

had When he Fought Ryan.

Press the Pittiourgh Dispetch.

"Talking about" a puglitet saving his friends," said Old Sport. "the rilekest thing I over saw was done by old Joe Goss in his light with Paddy Ryan down in Virginia in the spring of '80. I dight like to see old Joe going up against the young fellow; but I knew if he was beaten, there would be a game light before the battle was over. You recollect there was a good pile of money bet on first blood, and all of Joe's friends were betting that he would list draw the claret from the young Trojan.

"Well, that was a fight and no mistake. The brave old veteran took his punishment and fought like a hero. At the end of the third or fourth round he motioned for Johany N—to come to his side as he sat in his corner. He mysteriously took Johany's hand, carried it to his mooth, and with his tongue deposited something in his friend's palm. Johany was befored. He could not make out what the old fellow meant, and began to think that the fight had see thin queer. Johany kout his hand closed, and gamened it into his cast pecket and held it there until he had a change to step to one side and examme the contents. Cautionally witherawing his hand, he slowly unclessed his fingers, and gianeing down sidoways so that no one would observe him, he saw what it was. The mystery was explained in an instant, and old Joe's clear head and forethought could not be too highly commended. In the second round Ryan had swang a stinging right-hander on Joe's mouth, and there, resting in Johanny's hand, were three did teeth that had been knocked out, and Jee had carried them through two rounds until he got a change to get rid of them without displaying the fact that Ryan had drawn first blood. He thus saved his friends that much of their money at any rate.

"Johnny quietty bresented the teeth to another friend. Afterward, when they had to round lead of the money at any rate.

"Johnny quietty bresented the teeth to another friend. Afterward were safely aboard:

"What was that you gave me Joe?"

INTERESTING SWORDSWOMEN. imble and Athlette Young Women who

From the St. Leuts Globe Democrat.

I saw the actors and actresses of the future yesterday at the examination of the classes of the School of Acting in New York. As an examination it was as trying as any one could wish, and tosted and revealed all the capabilities of the pupils. They were called on at a second's notice to do deathbed scenes in pantomime, to be agonized mothers, remorseful criminals, love-sick maidens and scornful creatures, and they did it all well. One adorable little thing in a short white gown led one wing of the dancers, and the danoing class did so well that they were recalled to do the prettiest figure over again. Then came the fencing class, and expectation rose to the highest when M. de Chadenedes came out in a white suit and a broad red sush and made a delightful speech in ingeniously broken English. There is a rage for fencing just now, and the young girts in their tennis shoes and short black gowns were immediately the object of all attention. The boys in the fencing class had no chance at all in the favors of the sudience.

All the sympathy and admiration were for From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

the object of all attention. The boys in the fencing class had no chance at all in the favors of the sudience.

All the sympathy and admiration were for the female fencers, and after the general drill there was a spirited bout between two agile little creatures in fencing gowns. They lunged at each other and clashed swords with an earnestness and viciousness that indicated that they would both have been cut up in inch strips if it had not been for the buttons on the folis. They were as swift in their springs as cats, and their thrusts and the whole manner of the duel was so feminine as to be funny. When it came to fencing for prizes, with the best fencer of the men arrayed against the best fencer of the men arrayed against the best fencer of the girls, expectation was the greatest. Young Salvini, a handsome young Italian in leather jacket and long gauntiets, was judge or umpire of the fray, and his chivalry made his partiality to the female fencers very plain. Salvini was ready to give all the points to the little woman in a black gown and yellow neckerchief, but her opponent was not disposed to give her the game, and made her fight for every point she scored. A last bit of favoritism from the young Italian gave ber the palm, and the first prize of a pair of folis was presented to her, and an other pair of folis was presented to her, and an other pair of folis was presented to her, and an other pair of folis was presented to her, and an other pair of folis was presented to her, and an other pair of the was something irresistibly comic in watching the little woman put on the visor and gauntlet and solemnly shake hands with her foe; but it was even funnier to see her dart about, and lunge and thesat and parry, and strike swordsmanlike attitudes, and show the earnestness with which she was doing it all.

SHOT BEFORE HE COULD SHOOT. A Contractor's Quarrel with His Men and the Fatal Result of It.

DILLON, Col., March 22 .- W. H. Cox, a subcontractor for J. J. Brown & Co. of Council Bluffs, Ia., on the Dillon extension of the Union Pacific Ballroad, has just died here from wounds received at the hands of workingmen who allege that he had wronged them. Mr. Cox was a poculiar man. Some said he was eccentric, others that he was crazy, and others this employees) that he was a swindler. He had been wealthy, but lost his money in unfortunate ventures. Since appearing along the new line as a contractor he has made many enemies. His men charged him with keeping nem until they asked for their pay, and then discharging them and employing others. The country through which the Dillon extension runs was intensely hostile to him, and he knew it. Threats had been made that he

runs was intensely hostile to him, and he knew it. Threats had been made that he would be served as some other bosses have been in this country—kidnapped and held for a ransom. Fearing some such undertaking, he always carried arms.

Mr. Cox left here the other day for Denver, going by stage, and word was passed along the route that he probably would return no more. Before starting he was surrounded, but his coolness and the presence of a big revolver in each of his hands kept the crowd back. His capture was out of the question. At many places along the road crowds of men attempted to stop the coach, but without success, Cox invariably showing his weapons and threatening to kill the first man that approached him. The stage rolled into the little camp of Naomi at dusk and was immediately surrounded by a big crowd of the contractor's creditors, most of whom were ugly and determined that he should not get away. One of them demanded his pay, and Cox, losing his temper, began to curse the fellow, at the same time pulling a revolver from each of his overcoat pockets. A rush was made upon the coach, one of Cox's revolvers was knocked from his hand, and he instantly drew a wigked knife. Everybody in the crowd was armed. Cox jumped back a few steps, and was about to shoot when a shot was fired by some one in the crowd which struck the contractor just below the heart. He fell as if dead, but soon regained consciousness and was put into a sled and carried back to Dillion, where he lingered for several days until death came to his relief.

The workingmen profess not to know who did the shooting, but assert that he provoked it by his menacing attitude with his guns no less than by his refusal to pay them their wages.

ONE-EARED DODGE'S LYNCHING.

Probably Brought About by Practical LORDSBURG, N. M., March 22.-The impres sion prevails here that the recent lynching of One-eared Dodge across the line in Mexico was carefully planned some time ago. Dodge was not so dangerous a man that it was necesbut the opinion of most of the ranchers was that shooting was too good for him. Where he came from no one knew, but he was not an old and, though a very troublesome one. Among the old timers here it is thought that he was an Eastern tough who had become fascinated with Western life, and that on arriving here he had found the thing too much for him. He lost his ear in an attempt to make a rancher drink at the point of a revolver, and he was

lost his ear in an attempt to make a rancher drink at the point of a revolver, and he was shot and punished once or twice by other people when undertaking some such horse play. In a real fight or in any serious danger he was far from being the bad man that he wanted others to esteem him.

From some things that have been dropped in this vicinity since the tyaching it is inforred that Dodge was trapped by a few practical plers on this side, and that his hanging by the Mexican ranchers was thus invited. He has been an intolerable missance in this section for a year, and if the ranchers on this side took steps to get rid of him in a quiet way no one here will blame them. When taken on the other side of the line Dodge had three stolen cattle in his possession, and that scaled his fate. The story is that these cattle wandered off and were taken up by an American rancher, who, with some associates, conceived the idea that it would be a good chance to get rid of One-eared Dodge. They let others into the secret, and when he put in an appearance they told him in an offinand way that if he would drive the cattle across the line to their owner he would be liberally rewarded. To reach the point to which he had been directed it became necessary for him to cross the range of the man who owned the cattle, and they made up their minds that if Dodge was seen in that section driving off cattle he would not last long. He started out on his errand, and the next long that the Mexican ranchers near the American line had lynched a horse thief who had only one ear.

Some of the boys on this side expressed a little symmathy for him, but most of them said they were glad he had been rounded up. There isn't a bear in this country, said one old citizon, "that isn't full of that fellow's lead. If he had 't been such an everlasting fool he would have been killed long ago."

CELEBRATED CLOCKS.

A Swiss Timeplece that Prightened a Party
-"The Man in the Custom House."

A Swiss Timeplece that Frightened a Party

-"The Man in the Custom House."

From the Popular Science Monthly.

When the Emperor Charles V. of Spain retired to the Monastery of St. Yuste he took with him Torriano, his clock maker, in order to while away the time by constructing the movements of clocks. So wonderful were some of the pieces of work which they made that the monks would not believe any one except the devil had a hand in them natil the machinery was shown to them by the ex-Emperor. It was ordered by Charles that when he should die all of these clocks should cease running, and it is said to be a fact that his orders were obeyed.

Another king of Spain came to Goreva to see a clock which had been made by Drog, a merchant of that city. Upon the clock were sented a shepherd, a negro, and a dog. As the hour was struck ine sie-pherd played mon his flute and the dog played gently at his feet. But when the king reached forth to tonch an apple that hung from a tree, under which the shepherd rested, the dog flow at him and barked so furiously that a live dog answered him, and the whole party left in haste. Venturing to return, one of the courtiers asked the negro, in Spanish, what time it was. There was no reply; but when the question was repeated in French, an answer was given. This frightened the courtier, who rejoined his companions, and all of them voted that the clock was the work of the evil one.

Unon the helfry of the Kanthaus, in Cohientz, there is the head of a giant-bearded, and helmeted with brass. The giant's head is known as "the man in the Custom House;" and whonever a countryman meets a citizen of Coblentz newsy from that place, instead of saying. How are all our friends in Coblentz? he asks. "How is the man in the Custom House;" and whonever a countryman meets a citizen of Coblentz newsy from that place, instead of saying. "How are all our friends in Coblentz?" he asks. "How is the man in the Custom House?" he asks. "How is the man in the Custom House?"

DOWN-EAST RAILROAD MATTERS.

A Great Yankee System and its Prospects of Entry Into New York. CONCORD, N. H., March 26 .- The Supreme bench of New Hampshire ranks so conspicu-ously low as a legal authority that some of its decisions gain greater notoriety by reason of contrast with the weightler judgments, which, it is generally conceded, come from the neighboring courts of Massachusetts. A storm of scandalous comment is raised every few years by some decision, generally of a railroad question. tion, which outrages the popular idea of justice and good law.

Just now the most violent protests are com-

ing from all over the State against a recent decision of the Supreme bench which cancels the lease of the Northern Railroad by the Boston and Lowell. The criticism in some quarters scarcely stops short of insinuations of corrup-tion. It is easy to raise the cry of corruption in New Hampshire politics and official life. The motives which lead a Supreme Court judge to enter a decision are discussed with a freedom that shocks the nerves of a Bay State man, who has always regarded the Chief Justice and his associates as not less immacuiate than the ermine which they don't wear. iate than the ermine which they don't wear. In the present situation there is a hinted proposition to revive a remedy which is thoroughly effectual, but which is probably without precedent except in this State. In plain words, it is suggested that a new court be created to overthrow the decision just given. This plan has been successfully adopted in one or two notorious instances within the memory of prominent politicians of to-day. The scheme is to create by legislation a court of final review, which shall have appellate jurisdiction over Supreme Court decisions. The life of such a court would probably be short, as it has been in the past when created for similar emergencies.

was generally come nore, and ared the intal smot. Haywood and been nore some years, and was generally highly regarded in his circles; had not the reputation of being a quarrelsome man, but appears to have had the drop on Williams, his slayer, last night, yet Williams fired apparently like the late Jim Courtwright, under similar electromstances. Haywood's pistol did not go off. Whether or not he snapped it could not be determined.

Haywood in or be determined.

Haywood man the drop of the hack from which he lickwick saloon. He could him he wanted Fagg's gun, which was refused, and liad me take him to Bud Fagg's here. The drawood buck to the Elephant where he had a short talk with George Canary, who joined Haywood buck to the Elephant. Before we had a special with George Canary, who joined Haywood in my hark and we went to Canary's room, tiren buck to the Elephant. Before we had stopped in front of the Elephant. Canary threw open the hack door and passed into the saloon. As I got down from the nack Haywood got out. As he reached the sidewalk some man spoke to him. I didn't knew this inter man, he was coming from the direction of Stuart's saloon, and was walking close to the building. He said to Haywood:

"I understand you have been after your gun. I guess you got it?"

This was said standing with his hands down. As Hay wood stepped ir from the hack he put his hand to his hip pocket, and as the other man untered the words quickly that a could not tell if the strangs man ared, or both. Haywood they was said standing with his hands down. The other man stepped back about four feet, and drawing his pasto, thred. There were two stors fired, out so quickly that a could not tell if the strangs man ared, or both. Haywood tell around a post over a backet, and as the other man three winds and the feet while the shooting them steeped in pand looked at Haywood threy his gun on the other man three hards and the lefter had been struck in the later had been struck in the later had been struck in the later, while it was a strict

An official trial of an 18-foot steam Launch.

From the Patting Express,

An official trial of an 18-foot steam launch was made on the Clyde'en the 18th inst. The latines is proposed by a pair of compound earlies supplied with each trial material solid toler, the free lening gas greated from paralla oil. The bodier was tibed with end water, and ascent was follow in a pressure of expenty for bounds jet espare inch in seven minares and in one inhance nore the pressure had rise in our merty pounds at which it blew off at the safety value. The latenth is all fails to the latenth was made in the presence of some of trial in question was made in the presence of some of the fracting engineers on the Clyde, all of whom

LIVE FOOD FOR SNAKES.

Reasons Why Lawmakors Should Not Meddle with Big Serpents.

From the Philadelphia Record

Reasons Why Lawmak crashenis Not Medic with Big Serpents.

From the Philadelphia Resort.

The bill which has been brought before the Pennsylvania Legislature through the efforts, of behavoleut people, and which is intended, among other things, to prohibit the teeding of live animals to snakes in menageries and zoological gardens, is looked upon with much disfavor by owners of reptiles and by those interested in zoology. In event of its becoming a law this measure would provon great obstacle to owners of zoological collections, and would result in depriving such exhibitions of an attractive and important feature.

"Bankes are very particular as to their diet," said Head Keeper Byrne of the Zoological clarden. "They will not touch any food that is smeared or has any odor, and they will not eat anything unless allowed to kill it themselves. They are often very irregular in their eating, and under such circumstaness they will eat only the most tempting food, if indeed they can be induced to take anything. Now, there is our big anaconda. He came here last July and has not eaten anything since. When cating regularly to ought to feed every day. He has, just shed his skin, and will probably eat before long, We are trying him now with different kinds of food to see if he cannot be induced to eat. Every night we put before him a spring chicken, a guinea pig, or some other small animal, but thus far he has shown no inclination to partake of any of them. Difficult as it is to induce them to eat live food, it would be utterly impossible to get them to touch dead meat, or to mix up any food which they would take. If we should be prohibited from giving live food to our snakes we would be obliged to give up keeping them. I cannot see anything cruel noous giving live food to the snakes. It is their natural way of living, and I see no reason why they should not live in the same way in confinement. Most people have an idea that we should be prohibited from giving a collection of snakes. In addition to their forming an important f

prominent politicians, of to-cuty, a presented price, which shall have appellate carried for similar over Supreme Court decisions. The life of the wind of the past when created for similar engrancies.

Supreme Court decisions. The life of the past when created for similar engrancies.

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The country of the past when created for similar engrancies. The life of the past when created for similar engrancies. The life of the past when created for similar engrancies consent direct or implication of the past when created for similar engrancies. The life of the past when created is a similar engrancies of the past when created is a similar engrancies. The life of the past when created is a similar engrancies of the life of the past when th

and as he sees it becomes absolutely pure turns it into another tank, and it is termed Cologne spirits. This is the highest grade of distilled spirits, so pure that it is absolutely colorneless and odorless. It is concentrated drunkenness, and when it is wanted to be transformed into whiskey it is reduced to about one-half its strength with water, some barnt sugar put in to give it a color, some glacese added to make it smooth and oily, like old whiskey, and it passes for the real article. Many a supposed connolesseur has sameked his lips over alleged twenty-year-old whiskey, and pronounced it the fluest in the country, when the article he was complimenting was Cologne spirits only a month old, flavored with glucose and burnt sugar. On the whole, however, the whiskey not to-day is not, the revenue people sny, as hurtful as that turned out by the whiskey makers twenty years ego. The chemical changes which were then performed by a dangerous acid are now produced by other means, and some of the poisons which destroyed the stomachs of whiskey drinkers then are not to be found in the cup now.

ANTOINE'S LOST BRIBE

Ho Will Sue for It, but It is an Awkward New ORLEANS, March 23. - The suit of An-

ine against Smith, just Instituted in the District Court here, for 425 shares of Louisiana leavery stock, worth \$255,000, promises to open a rich placer of facts for the historian of Republican jobbery in Louisiana. The principal actors in this transaction were, in 1868, and for many years afterward, leaders in the Republi-can Council. Antoine, who is colored, was formerly burber on a Red River steamboat, but was twice Lieutenant-Governor of the State. and held other high offices. George L. Smith. who came from the same town as Caddo, was a sinewy carpet-bagger, quite reserved, a man of silent and subterranean methods, Coloctor, Congressman, &c. These two, Autoine for the negroes and Smith for the whites, controlled the Republican polities in north Louisiana. Smith was sent to Congress, and Antoine became Lieutenant-Governor. It was an era of boodielsm, when handsome sums were obtained by the legislators and the party chiefs through the passage of special acts. All those who applied to the Legislature for charters or acts had to pay handsome sums for them, the payments being made partly in each and partly in stock. To secure votes and support, the benelicaries took good care to select trustworthy stakeholders, who retained the funds and stocks, which were never delivered until after the pledge made by the logislators had been fulfilled, and the bill asked for passed.

In the case of the Louisiana lottery George L. Smith seems to have been selected as the stakeholder, and received the share of stock allotted to him and hischum Antoine. From that day to this the dividends paid on this stock, averaging 50 and 60 per cent, per annuis, were divided between Antoine and Smith, the latter fully recognizing the ex-burber and Lieutenant Governor's claim to a share of the fund. A short time age Smith died, leaving his estate to a brother, Dexter Smith, and failing to transfer Antoine's share to him. It is over this that the present, suit has arisen. Antoine is in an unfertunate position. The contract between him and George Smith as to this lottery steet was burned about a year age. He has other evidence, however, and will try to prove that the money was given jointly to him and Smith for their political influence in 'the days of old.' At all events, a great deal of valuable testimony promises to come out, showing the manner in which legislators, Governors, and political influence were bought up in Republican days.

In the meanwhile the attention of the Attornors, General has been called to the fact that the stock in dispute is hoodle, a corruption for the manner in which legislators, Governors, and political influence were bought up in the man while the attention of the Attornors, for the negroes and Smith for the whites, controlled the Republican politics in north Louisi-

No Piles on the Greeer.

From the Burlington Free Press. Grocer—Yes, madam, I can swear o you that is fresh, this year's maple sugar. Customer—But how came these flyspecks on it? Grocer—We get files quite early here, ma'am. They come in the dried currents.